The Unconstant *MOGGY's*

GARLAND;

Beautified with Four excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. *Willie's* Courtship to blyth *Moggy.*

II. The Game-Cock conquered.

III. The *Kettle-bender*; or, The Sham Doctor's Advice.

IV. The Soldier Remembrancer; or, The valiant Protestant Hero, Glorious *Charles* of *Sweden.*

Licensed and enter'd according to Order.

The Unconſtant *Moggy*'s GARLAND.

Willie's *Courtſhip to blyth* Moggy.

WE are three good Fellows,
And we are very well met,
If we had a Cup of good Liquor,
The Better we wou'd be ſet:
The Better we wou'd be ſet,
And the Merrier we wou'd be,
With every Lad his Bottle,
And bonny Laſs on his Knee.

Stoney-hearted *Moggy*,
Unconſtant and unkind,
And what the Ware wou'd you be,
To lay your Lips to mine,
To lay your Lips to mine,
It will not cure nor kill,
A Kiſs it is but a Touch,
And a Touch it will do no ill.

As I came in by *Berwick*,
And down by the Water of *Tweed*,
There I eſpy'd my *Moggy*,
Sitting on yon Hill Head,
Sitting on yon Hill Head,
Among good Company,
And wou, wou, my *Moggy*,
Will you not fancy me.

My Dady is a Delver of Dykes,
My Mother can Card and Spin,
And I can Labour the Land,
And the Gear will come raking in;
And the Gear will come raking in,
As plainly you may ſee,
And wou, wou, my *Moggy*,
Can you not fancy me.

It's not with my Minny's conſent,
Nor yet with my Dady's deſire,
That I ſhould have fill'd my Fingers,
With mucking your Dady's Byer;
With mucking your Dady's Byer,
And keeping of it ſo clean,
And wallie ſa the bonny Lad,
Lay in my Arms Yeſtreen.

O where are you going my *Willie*,
And where are you going ſo late,
I have been ſeeking my *Moggy*,
So well as I knew the Gate;
So well as I knew the Gate,
And far better I knew the Gin,
If the Night were never ſo dark,
She'll riſe and let me in.

I wiſh he was hang'd in *Berwick*,
Or drown'd in the Water of *Tay*,
I wiſh his Horſe Neck was broken,
That carries him on the Way:
I wiſh that he was Blind,
And ne'er a Stime could ſee,
And wou, wou, my *Moggy*,
And cannot thou fancy me.

It's

It's I am not hanged in *Berwick*,
Nor drown'd in the Water of *Tay*,
My Horse Neck is not broken,
That carries me on the Way;
Neither am I blind,
But very well I can see,
And come away my *Moggy*,
Thou shall go along with me.

The Game Cock Conquer'd.

YOU Gentlemen that love Cocks,
I'll sing you a merry Strain,
I had a good Fighting Cock,
But yet he lost the Game:
Up goes Aly, Aly,
Up goes Mary *and* Nan,
Jockey *was courting of* Jenny,
And so they went merrily on.

The Mistress of the Game,
She had a good fighting Hen,
And having a Cock of the same,
I put him into her Pen:
Up goes, &c.

What gallant Sport was there,
When the Hen and the Cock did close,

The Hen she shuffl'd her Feathers,
But still my Cock did loss:
Up goes, &c.

My Cock he pick'd and he struck,
But still 'twas all in Vain;
As soon as he recover'd his Strength,
He rose and he fought again:
Up goes, &c.

My Cock he came croodling out,
As though he had been slain;
He fought until he flew out,
And he rose and he pick'd again;
Up goes, &c.

My Cock he is White and Red,
So well you may him know,
He has but one Eye in his Head,
But he has two good Spurs below:
Up goes, &c.

The Lasses on the *Sand-hill*,
Will freely pull up their Smocks,
That is to try how Soldiers
Can exercise their Cocks:
Up goes, &c.

For they are brave Men of Honour,
Can please the young Maid's Desire,

For

For when he is upon her,
I warrant his Piece will fire:
Up goes Aly, Aly,
Up goes Mary *and* Nan,
Jockey *was courting of* Jenny,
And so they went merrily on.

The Kittle-bender; or, The Sham Doctor's Advice.

HAVE you not heard of a fair Lady,
Who was sick as ever was any;
She was so sick, that none could mend her,
Without the Help of *Kittle-bender*,
O rare Kittle-bender.

Come young Men let us make speed,
Never poor Creature stood in more need;
She was so sick, that Death would have her,
O rare, &c.

Straight they sent for Advice of a Doctor,
And he sent his Man with speed to k——k her;
That was the Physick he did intend her,
The famous Pill, call'd, *Kittle-bender*:
O rare, &c.

Come Sweet-heart if you be willing,
Up to yonder Grove where Birds are singing,
I with my *Kettle-bender* will display,
The Charms of Love to you without delay:
O rare, &c.

He

He pulled out his *Kittle-bender*,
Oh! then ſhe cries, I ſhall be ſlain;
She look'd *Eaſt*, and he look'd *Weſt*,
She gave him thruſt for thruſt again:
O rare, &c.

If any fair Lady has got the Green-ſickneſs,
Or if her B——y be taken with a Weakneſs,
Let them ſend for *Kittle-bender*,
For I'll engage that he will mend her,
O rare Kittle-bender.

The Soldier's Remembrancer.

GLorious Hero, are you dead,
Fam'd among the greateſt?
Charles, I mean, thou valiant *Swede*,
Of all Generals greateſt:
Cruel Death! to ſnatch away
A Man ſo virtuous, brave, and bold;
Curs'd be the Hand that thus did ſlay,
Great, glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*.

At Nineteen Years great *Charles* was crown'd,
At *Stockholm*, King of *Sweden*;
At once three Kings did him ſurround,
Denmark, the *Czar*, and *Poland*:
Yet all their Forces could not daunt,
The Courage of this brave Hero,
But in Defiance bravely ſtood,
Great glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*.

But

But soon the *Danes* were forc'd to yield,
Unto him great Submission;
He beat the *Pole* out of the Field,
That stood in Competition:
Against his Friend bold *Stanislaus*,
Who of *Charles* Power had need on;
And *Augustus* from his Throne was forc'd,
By glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*.

His glorious Soul was oft inspir'd,
No Strife in Imitation,
And great *Augustus* he desir'd
Should be his Emulation:
His glorious Grand-sire he did strive
To follow in his Life-time,
But cruel Death would not let live,
Great glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*.

Over the Ice he often sent
His Armies for to enter
His Enemies Country, also went;
Himself did also venture;
Where Cannon roaring, Trumpets Sound,
His Soldiers oft had need on,
Though many Scar and cruel Wound,
Had glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*.

Of all the Generals in the Field
Of Fame, there ne'er was greater,
To *Alexander* would not yield,
For Strength or comely Feature;
His glorious Soul, true Protestant,
His Country will have need on,
For greatest Hardships ne'er could daunt,
Great, glorious *Charles* of *Sweden*, *Finis*.